

## **i'm so sick of the same old love (it tears me up)**

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## **i'm so sick of the same old love (it tears me up)**

by [thesunthatshines](#)

### Summary

Being in love with your best friend is one thing, but both of your bestfriends? That's just some bad luck

Said bestfriends forget about him for a few weeks? Eh, no big deal.

Said bestfriends then fly all the way to your state to apologise to you? Cool!

Wait, a minute- hold up.

### Notes

hello everyone! i finished this at 2, almost 3 am in the morning, and I'm currently waiting

for rewind (Which is at 7am for me).

i should be finishing the latest chapter oh champion (what would we do without you??) but I got distracted and wrote this instead:( hopefully new chapter for that will be out soon!

also very very sorry but the kissing scene got a bit heated so I apologise - if you don't feel like reading it, skip from 'Sapnap grasps his chin....' to '"That's not fair," he whines,' ! If anyone would like a part two to this, please comment what you would like to see in it ! i have a rough idea for it, but it's very rough and kinda heated so-

and happy new year everyone! hopefully, 2021's better than 2020:)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

“Alright, alright, I need to go to sleep now, I’ll talk to you idiots later!” Sapnap laughed as he exited out the call. A few seconds later, he saw George exit out the call as well. His phone lit up with a call and he looked over with a tired grin.

‘ *Gogy* ’

He answered the call as he lays down on his bed, pulling the covers up to his chin.

“Hello?” Sapnap says into the phone and George greets him with a laugh.

“What’s up Sapnapitus?” George asks.

“George, they know that we’re gonna be calling if we leave at the same time, you idiot,”

“Whatever, they sleep call all the time,” George scoffs and Sapnap falls asleep that night to the sound of snores.

A person-sized hole aches in his heart.

“Big D, isn’t it like 4 am there for you? Sure you don’t wanna sleep?” Tommy asks into his mic as the clock hits 11.

“Yeah, it’s pretty late for you isn’t it, Dream?” Tubbo questions.

“Hmmm, I guess, but,” Dream hesitates, his hands picking at his nails. “I don’t feel like sleeping, yet. You get me?” How was he supposed to tell them that he was so used to falling asleep to the sounds of laughing and snoring, and waking up to his two best friends still asleep or talking

quietly? He had been alone the past couple of weeks, his heart heavy as he fell asleep to the dead silence of the night, waking up late to Patches pawing at him for food.

“Yeah, yeah, I get that, but you should take care of yourself more man,” Tommy said flippantly. “Now that you’ve done a face reveal, can’t afford those dark bags to be let out into the public can we?”

“Maybe,” he responded, knowing full well he had a lot of sleepless nights ahead of him.

### ***TommyInnit***

*Big man, you good? Haven’t heard from you in a couple of days*

*you’re usually awake by now*

*Okay, you’ve been away for a week now, are you on a trip or something?*

*Hellooooo*

*Purpled’s been asking where you’ve been too, at least answer him or Tubbo?*

*Big D?*

### ***Purpled***

*Dream! you’ll never guess what I got on my Physics test!!*

*21/22!!! The teacher said I got the highest marks :D*

*Dream? You there?*

*Where are you?*

### ***Tubbo***

*Hello Dream!*

*Tommy and I are wondering if you wanna call?*

*Maybe another night then:)*

*Wanna call tonight? Tommy and I are brainstorming for the lore! W*

*Dream?*

***Punz***

*Dude*

*why am I getting all these messages from Tommy tubbo and purpled*

*are you okay??*

*..*

*clay?*

***Sam***

*Clay*

*dream?*

*we're really worried for you:(*

*are you ok?*

*answer me when you're free*

The sunlight peeked in from his windows yet he made no move to get up.

He was exhausted, yet he didn't know why. He spent nearly all of his time in his room, reviewing footage and editing until he ran out of energy drinks and coffee for the day and went to sleep.

Scratch that- he knew exactly why he was exhausted.

Dream blinked his eyes open and turned over, grabbing his phone from his nightstand. He scrolled through Twitter, his timeline filled with his friends' tweets and his fans' tweets. The empty ache in his chest grew more painful when he didn't see any messages from the two people he missed the most. Dream swallows down the hurt threatening to swallow him whole and sits up.

As he sits down at this desk, he boots his PC up.

*Tommy's streaming*, he thinks faintly and watches the chat fly by.

“Do you know where Dream is?” TTS reads out and Dream watches the sad look appear on Tommy’s face for a split second

“I don’t know where Big D is actually, uh,” Tommy pauses before continuing. “He’s probably just ignoring me or spending his big bucks because he’s a rich bastard, chat,” Tommy jokes and Wilbur and Techno laugh with him.

“He’s probably practising for the next MCC, let’s be honest,” Wilbur says.

“I reckon he’s just been practising for the next manhunt, scrolling through Reddit so that he can say, ‘I saw that on Reddit!’ again,” Techno deadpans.

He smiles and makes the split decision to join VC2 with Wilbur, Tommy and Technoblade, his fingers clicking on it before he could stop himself.

He had missed his friends.

“Hello?” He says into the mic, the VC going silent. His anxiety spikes and he watches nervously, watches Tommy’s face light up into a smile.

“BIG D!” He winces at the shout that abuses his ears but he can’t help his lips quirking up into a smile.

“Tommy! What’s up? I missed you!” Dream says and they fall into easy chatter, the atmosphere light and happy. The other three don’t mention the three-week radio silence from Dream, nor do they acknowledge the underlying exhaustion in his voice.

Once the stream ends, they sit in VC for a while. Dream had forgotten how nice it was, to just speak to others. These weeks of isolation had been hell, and Dream had forgotten that he was a social person, craved social interaction.

Halfway in between Tubbo joining and Wilbur and Tommy getting into an argument about something (Dream couldn’t remember but he was laughing hard,) and Technoblade leaving to go take a nap, Sam and Punz join the VC.

Dream gulps nervously as everyone greets them. They were the two people, along with Bad who messaged him almost daily. They had known him for years, had spent countless sleepless nights with them, and Dream had left them hanging.

“Hi guys,” He says weakly and immediately, the other two are shouting over each other.

“DREAM!”

“What the hell, dude?! You disappeared on us for three fucking weeks!” Punz yelled out and Dream winces guiltily.

“Don’t do that ever again, you worried us,” Sam’s voice is a much-needed comfort, and Dream bites his lip as he feels the burn of tears in his eyes.

“I’m sorry,” His voice wobbles and the VC goes silent. “I-I didn’t mean to practically go MIA for weeks, I just- I don’t know, I guess I couldn’t handle it, god I’m such a pussy, fuck-”

“Couldn’t handle what, Dream?” Sam prods gently and it’s like he’s there in person, all big smiles and warm hugs.

“It’s-It’s nothing, I was just being a big baby and it’s stupid, I was just overreacting,” He mumbles, shoving his face into his palms.

“Dream, no offence, but if it makes you go MIA for three weeks, it’s not stupid,” Tubbo says, voice filled with nothing but sincerity.

He’s silent for a moment, debating it in his head before he finally gives in. Maybe it’ll help lessen the crushing weight of sadness in his chest.

“I just-” He cuts himself off, not knowing how to phrase his problem. “What do you do when two of the most important people in your life not talk to you but go on other people’s streams and they’re online, they just- they just don’t want to talk to you?” He asks. “Like, what if-what if I did something wrong? Did I do something wrong? What do I do to make it up to them? Because what if they’re finally sick of me and what if they leave me like everyone else does?” He breathes in.

“Dream, is this about Sapnap and George?” Wilbur asks gently as if he was talking to a scared animal. He makes a noise of confirmation.

“Surely they messaged you during these three weeks?” Tubbo prompts.

“They haven’t, it’s only been you guys and some of the other SMP members,” His voice cracks and he can feel the beginning of another cry session. “What if they leave me? They’ve already replaced me with Quackity and Karl, what-” He exhales, shaky and weak. “What am I gonna do without them? They don’t even need me, they’re already together, they have each other.” He whispers and tears leak out of his eyes. Sapnap and George’s relationship wasn’t exactly a secret to the SMP members.

The crushing weight on his chest gets impossibly heavier and it now feels like there’s a fist squeezing his heart, yet his heart wasn’t ready to give out yet so he just stayed there, in pain.

“Oh Dream,” He hears Punz mumble in worry and his chest constricts in guilt. Fuck. He shouldn’t have said anything, now they’re even more worried. Fuck fuck fuck fuck, he wasn’t good for anything, no wonder George and Sapnap left

“They’re dicks, not even exaggerating,” Tommy speaks up and Dream’s so startled by the comment that he lets out a surprised chuckle.

“It’s not their fault,” he defends weakly.

“Bullshit! You’re their best friend and as hilarious Big Q and Karl are, they’re ignoring their best friend just because they found new friends? Shit, what the fuck?” Tommy breathes out, anger coating his words.

Dream sits in silence until Sam speaks out again, his sentence making Dream freeze.

“Dream, you don’t have to answer but... there’s something else isn’t there?”

He stares, wide-eyed into his PC monitor and vaguely he can hear gasps coming from him but memories of cold nights, cold showers, crying in the shower as he watches red runs down the drain. Memories of arms aching, of falling asleep because he tired himself out by crying.



He's crying harder, *what does he do his friends know they know they know that he's in love with two people, **two men** nonetheless, shit they're gonna leave him too, he can't handle more people leaving him, please don't leave me-*

"-eam! Dream!" Punz's voice snaps him out of it and he breathes shakily, the fingers digging into his forearms grounding him.

"I'm okay, sorry, I-I had a bit of a panic there," His voice croaks. "I'm sorry, fuck, you're right there is something else, and it's- I'm in love with them- I'm sorry," He babbled out.

"Dream- Dream, no one here is mad at you, I promise you," Sam consoles and he feels like crying again because, *fuck*, Sam is so nice and he doesn't deserve his friends, he doesn't.

But he'll keep them, for as long as he can, because they make him feel warm and comforted and *wanted*, and he would give his life for them.

"Dude, we've all noticed you pining for them since forever, and I can assure you that none of us nor the other SMP members are mad or disgusted," Punz soothes and he's blinking in shock, disbelief painted across his face.

"What?" *Was I that obvious?*

"It's true, Big man!" Tommy pipes up. "The pining is so painful to watch, really, no offence though,"

"It's okay to feel like that, Dream," Sam hesitates before he says the next thing. "It's okay to move on from them too," The silence is loud and he thinks.

What if he should? Move away from a life where every minute is George and Sapnap and Sapnap and George? What will he be? What is Dream without Sapnap and George? What are they without him?

*Happier*, his mind supplies helpfully and he wilts.

“I- I’ll think about it,” he mumbles. “Just- please don’t tell anyone? Especially not them?” He half pleads and breathes out a sigh of relief when they all give their promises not to.

“This dono said that Dream was MIA because he was recovering from eating cat shit,” The randomness of what Wilbur says surprises a chuckle out of him and he allows himself to relax in the presence of his friends.

“George,” Sapnap says hesitantly into his mic as he stares into Tommy’s new VOD.

‘Dream comes back and messes with Tommy on the Dream SMP!’ was the title.

“Hm?”

“Have you...have you spoken to Dream recently?” He asks, throat constricting as he tries to recall any recent conversations with his blonde friend.

“...I..I haven’t,” He hears George mumble and anxiety seizes at his chest and he hurriedly unpauses the video. “George watch Tommy’s new VOD, around an hour and three minutes in,” He hears the clicking of George’s mouse and they sit in silence as they watch as Dream enters, all the way until the end of the stream.

“Why...”

“Why did he sound like that?” Sapnap finishes George’s question for him.

“He sounds exhausted,” George says and anxiety claws at his stomach but he forces it down, willing his stomach to stop twisting and turning. “When was the last time you talked to him?”

“I... Maybe, maybe a little over a month ago?” Sapnap mumbles. “I haven’t seen him on other people’s stream in a while and judging by the dono right before he joins...” He hesitates to say what he’s deduced. “He’s been MIA for a while, and this stream was a couple of days ago too,” He concludes, guilt making him want to puke.

They go silent, reaching the same conclusion. They had known Dream for years, knew nearly everything about the guy, could read him like the back of their hands. And because they knew nearly every little detail about their best friend - they knew the man suffered from anxiety, had been a problem even a few years ago. Sapnap recalls various memories of them as children, late-night talks and whispered secrets.

“Oh fuck, Sapnap, what’d we do,” George breathed out. “We’ve- oh shit, we’ve left him, what’s happened to him? I’m on Twitter right now and, Dream’s been gone for three weeks,”

“Shit,” it had never gotten that bad. Sapnap recalls a few times where Dream had gone off the grid, but he had always made sure to tell them. “Try calling him, or messaging him,” There’s movement on George’s side and then he hears his keyboard clicking, in time with his own.

*sap:)*

*Dream*

*dream*

*fuck*

*im so so sorry im sorry*

*i haven’t left you*

*are you okay? are you safe?*

*im so fucking sorry god*

*georgie:)*

*dream?*

*please reply to our messages*

*we’re sorry, god we are so sorry*

Sapnap watches as Dream’s status goes from Idle to Active. He wills his best friend to reply to him and watches with a sinking heart as his status goes to Do not Disturb.

They try texting him on messages this time and curse when they see the ‘Read at 10:55 pm’ sign.

***Awesamdude***

*Stop trying to text Dream*

*please*

*just for a bit*

***Punz***

*stop texting dream or else I'll tell bad*

***Bad***

*stop it*

“What the fuck?” George voice out as they seem to get the same messages at the same time. “What do they know?”

“I dunno, but I’m questioning Punz right now,” Sapnap responds hurriedly, fingers flying over his keyboard

***Sap:***

*Ay, what the fuck?*

***PUN-z:***

***you gotta stop***

***Sap:***

*what the fuck?? no the hell*

***PUN-z:***

***sapnap***

*you know i love you*

*and we're good friends*

*and we've played a lot together and we're brothers*

*but i beg you, stop texting dream right now*

*he needs*

**Sap:**

*what*

*what does he need huh?*

*what do you know that george and I dont?*

**PUN-z:**

*he needs time and space*

*away from the both of you*

*so stop or else you're gonna hurt him even more*

**Sap:**

*i hurt him?*

*wait is he okay?*

*when did he go mia?*

*why didn't you tell me? or george? we're his bestfriends*

**PUN-z:**

*when was the last time you even talked to him?*

*yeah that's right, i see you fucking typing, you haven't talked to him in over a month sapnap*

*so why is it*

*that sam and i knew before you guys, why is it that you haven't bothered talking or texting him in the month that he's been mia?*

*Sap*

*i tried apologising! we both did*

*PUN-z:*

*please, even tommy knew, nearly everyone on the smp's texted him you idiot*

*there's no fucking excuse*

*you've been on karl and quackity's streams and I've seen you sit in VC3 with them for hours sap*

*it's great that you and george got closer with them*

*just wish that dream didn't have to get his heart ripped out because of it*

*Sap*

*What?*

*PUN-z:*

*don't act fucking oblivious*

*I know you know that he likes you both*

*and I also know that you both like him back*

*yet the two of you are fooling around without him*

*what the fuck??*

*sam and I thought you would've asked him out by now*

*but you've fucked up*

*so we aren't gonna ask again*

*stop texting him.*

*just until he gets over you. please*

“Oh,” he breathes out and he can hear George questioning him from the other side of the phone.

“George, we-we fucked up, oh no,”

‘Wilbur bought us lunch:)’ Dream posts a picture of him and Wilbur at a cafe near his house. His phone immediately starts blowing up and he hears Wilbur chuckle.

“You know, Tommy’s gonna be pretty mad that he was left out of that picture,” Wilbur says with a smile and Dream scoffs.

“You bet I fucking am! I did not fly all the way out here to fucking America of all places just for you to not post a photo of me!” Tommy says as he approaches them from behind. He’s with Tubbo, Punz behind them. “We go to the toilet for two minutes and you’re already leaving us out? Come on man,” He whines as he settles down next to Wilbur, Tubbo next to him and Punz on Dream’s other side

“Where’s Sam?” Dream asks after laughing at Tommy.

“Here! Sorry it took so long, I dropped all my money,” Sam apologises as he slides into the seat next to Punz.

“Dream, surely you post another picture with all of us,” Tubbo encourages and with everyone agreeing, Dream rolls his eyes and agrees.

‘I met some friends and one gremlin child (Tubbo’s cool guys)’ He posts after taking it.

“Aw, what the hell! I hate you so much,” Tommy complains and kicks him from under the table.

‘WAIT OMG THAT’S SO COOL THEY MET UP!’

‘DSJDKSDJSKDJSKDSK NOOOO THAT’S SO CUTE’

‘wait but:( Wilbur paid for dream awwwww:(‘

“Thanks again for paying, Wilbur,” Dream says, putting his phone down.

“He only paid for you, I don’t even know why,” Punz whines as nudges Dream.

“I like to Dream the most, he doesn’t argue with me, or kill me in Minecraft, or insult me and we have very nice chats late at night,” Wilbur reasons without looking up from his phone.

“Imagine not being Wilbur’s favourite,” he teases and basks in the laughter he gets in return.

George stares at the tweet, stares at Dream’s blinding smile, stares at the amount of space between Wilbur and Dream - or rather, the lack of space between them. Wilbur has an arm wrapped around Dream’s shoulder as they both smile at the camera and something ugly curls in his stomach.

Seconds later, Sapnap’s calling him.

“You saw it?” Sapnap asks as soon as he picks up

“Yeah, you?”

“Obviously,”

The call is silent for a while as George lets his eyes trail over his bedroom. His eyes stop at a large suitcase, a bright blue colour.

“Sapnap,” He speaks out, the other boy giving a hum to indicate that he heard him. “You feel like going on a trip to Florida?”

“Oh, absolutely,” he hears the grin in the other boy’s mouth and he grins as well, excitement and anxiety coursing through him.

They were going to make things right.



Yesterday, they had gone to Disney world-

*Dream watched with amusement as Tommy went up to Ariel. The boy's face was determined, pure excitement in his eyes.*

*"Excuse me!" He called out to the red-haired lady. She turned and Tommy went on to say, "You're my girlfriend" He exclaims in the same way he did it in his 1 mil special and Dream burst out laughing. Wheezes came out from his mouth and he could vaguely hear Sam, Punz and Wilbur losing their minds, Tubbo shaking his head.*

Tomorrow they were going to a waterpark, but today, they were gonna chill.

They had all been staying at his house, his house having enough room for them, and maybe a few more people. He had Sam and Punz sharing a room and Tommy and Tubbo shared a room with Wilbur in the room next to Dream.

He and Wilbur had gotten close in the past few months they had known each other and he had known that the other boy was worried for him during those three weeks of silence. The past couple days leading up to them going to Florida, he had found himself staying up with Wilbur like they had done before, talking about books or History, or how the lore would progress on the SMP.

That morning, he had woken up, exhausted from the previous days' events and stumbled downstairs to his kitchen. It seemed he was the last one up, all of them already eating his food.

"G'morning," he mumbles, still half asleep as he collapses into the chair next to Punz. "Are you guys still good to just chill for today?" He asks.

Tommy nods, next to a half-asleep Tubbo. Sam voices his agreement as does Wilbur, both nursing a cup of coffee in their hands. He slumps onto Punz's shoulder as the boy scrolls through his Twitter.

"We broke Twitter, by the way," Punz says and Dream looks over his shoulder at all the tweets.

**@dreamlovesu**

*what the fuck brb I'm gonna cry they met up nooooo*

**@simpsriseup**

*dream looks so happy!! i'm glad his friends are there for him:)*

**@dreamteamsimps**

*i'm super happy that they're all together but anyone wondering where george and sarnap are??*

He finds himself deflating at the last comment, mine going back to his two best friends. For the sake of his heart, he had ignored all messages they had sent him.

“Can we watch Up?” Tommy asks and he nods his head.

“I need coffee first though,” he mutters and glances up in surprise as a cup is shoved in his hands. “Oh, thank you, Wilbur,” he thanks the taller man with a small smile and is rewarded with a grin.

“Are you guys flirting?” Tommy deadpans and Dream chokes on his sip of coffee as Wilbur laughs.

They choose not to answer that.

Later at night, when they're watching Dead Poets Society, there are 3 knocks on his front door. They had ordered Pizza just a bit ago so Dream shoves Punz off the couch.

The older boy grunts and groans before standing up off the floor and walking towards the front door, muttering curses. Dream snickers but otherwise focuses more on the movie.

“What the fuck,” He hears Punz exclaim a few moments after he hears the front door open.

“Is the pizza delivery person a hot girl or something?” Wilbur asks from next to him. They all snicker and it dawns on him that it’s been a few moments since he heard from Punz.

And at that moment, he sees Punz enter the living room. The next moment, his eyes catch the two figures trailing behind him, armed with bags and suitcases.

There are questions from everyone around him yet he can’t take his eyes off of the two figures that are staring back at them.

“Dream?” The name’s whispered out by George and he can see Wilbur glance at him worriedly.

“What the hell?” He says, standing up abruptly. “What the fuck? What? What are you doing here?” Dream questions and he can see George and Sapnap glance at each other warily.

“I- we wanted to see you- we needed to make it up to you,” Sapnap mumbles.

“So- So George flies to another fucking continent and Sapnap flies eleven hundred miles? Why couldn’t you have waited until I was ready?” He almost shouts.

“Well- well, we missed you!” George defends and his eyes dart to the others around them. “And I thought you said that you would meet up with us first?” His voice sounds hurt and Dream feels guilty despite himself.

But his anger burns through that.

“Are you serious right now?” He spits out. “I-I have never, ever, said anything about you ditching me for Karl and Quackity, or told you to ditch them for me or said anything about you not texting me, for *weeks*,” He almost screams. “And now-now that I’ve changed my plans for *my* benefit for once- you’re fucking- you’re complaining about it? What the hell?” He bellowed. “Fuck you guys!” He stormed off, shoving away hands that reached for him and stomped to his room.

He slammed the door to his room closed and it seems as if all the anger seeped out of him and he slumped down to the ground.

Shit.

“What part of me telling you to give Dream some time and space did you not *fucking* understand?”

The pure unadulterated anger in Punz’s voice makes them wilt, looking at each other like kicked puppies. They vaguely hear Wilbur ushes Tommy and Tubbo out to their room, the two teens not arguing for once.

“We just-we saw Dream’s post on Twitter so we...we got kind of uh jealous, you could say,” George wrung his arms together nervously as he said this.

“It wasn’t fair! He said we would be able to meet first! *Us!* The Dream Team! And instead, he meets up with you guys? Sorry if we got a little bit jealous and made some impulsive decisions,” Sarnap snapped as he crossed his arms defiantly.

“God, you both are *idiots*,” Wilbur sighs from the left of Sam. “But, well so is he,” He smiles, and uncrosses his arms. “You guys had good intentions, I’ll give you that but you need to grovel at his feet for a little while longer - you kinda broke his heart,” The two wince guiltily and share guilty glances.

Wilbur sighs forlornly, “Ah, guess my chance is gone,” under the playful tone, everyone could hear the regret behind it.

“Your chance?” Sarnap repeats, confused and ignoring the pit swelling in his stomach.

“Ah well,” It’s Sam’s turn to look sheepish. “We kind of... encouraged Dream to move on from you...and he and Wilbur got uh pretty close, you could say,”

“‘Pretty close,’ please, when they first met, Dream tackled him,” Punz laughs. “Not to mention the number of times I caught them cuddling,” He cackles at the bright red blush that rises on Wilbur’s cheeks.

“As friends! Friends! You know how affectionate Dream is!”

“Whatever you say lover boy,” Sam chuckles, patting him on the back.

“On that subject though,” Punz intercepts, sliding his eyes to the two intruders. Their faces have stormy expressions and Punz takes satisfaction in the jealousy he can see in their eyes. “You’re getting this one chance to get him back if he even wants to come back to you,” he pauses. “If he doesn’t want to come back, you *will* respect his decisions, if he’s unsure if he’s not ready, you *absolutely* will respect that, got it?”

The two nods, a little bit scared of the terrifying image the blonde boy gives, as the other rises rising to his full height.

“If you hurt him, even once more, we will castrate you and you won’t even be given another chance, yeah?” Sam grins, malice hiding under the friendly grin. His grin turns more genuine as the two stammers out agreements and he claps them on the back, “It is nice to see you two though, we’ll catch up tomorrow yeah?”

“I can lead you to Dream’s bedroom, if he kicks you out, you can sleep in my room,” Wilbur says, already motioning for them to follow him. They go up the stairs, leaving their suitcases in the living room. Wilbur gestures to a door, “That’s Dream’s room,” then he points to the door next to it. “That’s mine, if nothing goes wrong, don’t disturb me, but if everything goes wrong, go in that room and you can crash in there and I can go to Punz’s room,” He nods at them with encouragement and enters his room.

“You ready?”

“As much as I can be,”

They enter the room, Sapnap leading and the first thing they see is a curled up ball on the bed, the blankets covering the person. Their heartaches as they hear the small snuffles coming from it.

“Dream?” George says softly, approaching the figure. A blonde head pops up from the blanket and they feel the hot taste of regret and guilt as they see Dream’s red eyes.

“What...what are you doing here?” Dream asks softly, sitting up and scooching back his bed until

his back hits the headboard. Sapnap settles on the edge of the bed and George follows.

“We came to apologise,” Sapnap whispers and continues when Dream doesn’t say anything. “We ignored you for weeks, we were horrible bestfriends, we didn’t even notice you were gone,”

“We were just so caught up with Karl and Quackity, we figured you would be okay, and we didn’t even stop to think how you would feel. I’m so sorry, Clay,” The use of his actual name makes his eyes snap up to Georges’. He can feel his heart aching at the sight of them, and their voices.

It isn’t long before he’s crying and Sapnap and George are crowding him, gathering him into a warm group hug with him in the middle. He couldn’t say he hated it, because he very much loved it. He cries into Sapnap’s shoulder as he lets all his sadness out, George giving him comfort from behind.

“I was so-so alone,” he sniffs pathetically, his shaky fingers going to grip at Sappnaps’ shirt.

“We’re sorry, we’re so sorry baby,” George soothes from behind him, arms circling his waist from behind. “This was all our fault, we’re so so stupid,”

“You left me,”

“We’re dicks, we’re such utter dicks, you don’t have to forgive us now or ever, we’ll even grovel at your feet if you wanted us to,” Sapnap suggests, earning a shaky giggle from Dream. “We love you so much, we can only hope you can forgive us,”

“Wait,” Dream pauses, pulling away from their comforting touch. “You-you love me?” He questions, his eyes a mixture of hurt and confusions.

They both paused, looking at each other while frowning before Sapnap gives a defeated sigh. “I- yeah, yeah we do,” he sends a wary smile to Dream, trying to convey all the words that can’t be said.

“What- but...but that doesn’t make sense!” Dream cries out. “You guys are dating- there-there isn’t any room for me in this relationship!” It seems as if he’s trying to convince himself of what he’s saying.

“Dream,” The boy looks at George, vulnerable and wary. “I love you,”

“No...no you can’t say that... It’s not- you don’t really love me, you’re just trying to convince yourself that you do because you’re guilty. Well-well I forgive you! There, you don’t have to tell me you love me anymore, okay?” Tears are slipping out of his eyes again and he pitifully tries to wipe them away yet more keep coming.

A set of hands take Dream’s hands and he looks at George. “I love how I just have to message you and you’re there, I love that you’re so caring and protective and I love how much you love Patches... I love how you cry over movies like Jojo Rabbit or Dead Poets Society, you’re such a big softie with such a big heart, and I love that about you,” George breathes out.

“We aren’t lying, we love you,” Sapnap quietly says. He moves closer to Dream and takes one of Dream’s hands in his. “I love everything about you, I love how I watched you grow, I love how you’re always there for me, love how you crack your knuckles when you’re thinking hard about something, or that when you’re stressed, you always go and cuddle Patches for at least a few minutes. I love you and everything about you.”

Sapnap grasps his chin in his hands and guides the two together, giving enough time for Dream to pull away.

He doesn’t.

Their lips meet.

It’s a sweet, innocent kiss. It isn’t quite a peck nor is it a full make-out session. Dream tilts his head slightly to get a better angle and whimpers slightly when Sapnap’s tongue slides across his lips. He can’t help but whine as Sapnap pulls away, and that’s enough for the other to come back and kiss him again. He’s pulled into Sapnap’s lap, lips still interlocked as his gasps are swallowed by Sapnap.

As Sapnap pulls away, and he’s pulled into George’s lap. His hands steady themselves on George’s shoulders before he’s being kissed by George.

If Sapnap was the rain pattering softly on his windows, then George was the storm that kept him

up all night.

George tilts his head and swallows Dream's whimper, his hands finding purchase on Dream's waist. He swipes his tongue again and Dream gasps, goosebumps rising on his skin. In a way, it's a sort of battle with George as the victor.

He breaks away, a flush on his cheeks.

"That's not fair," he whines. "You can't break my heart, come all the way here and tell me all those things and then kiss me like that and not expect me to not love you still," he says as he gathers them into a hug and they settle him in between them again. He's situated on their laps and this time he's clinging onto George, Sapnap comforting him from behind. Heavy sobs escape him and they do nothing to stop him, even letting out a few tears as they hold him.

Hushed apologies are whispered between the three and comforting arms circle one another.

"Does this mean you never hated me?" The suddenness of the question has them both almost finching, instead, they look to each other with wide eyes.

"No! No, we could never hate you, baby!"

"Never! Hating you is illegal!"

Dream can't help the giggle that slips out, a yawn soon escaping him. "I'm sleepy," he mumbles as he pulls away from them and slips into the covers of his bed. "You can...you can sleep in here," He proposes and then hastily adds on, "If-if you want! I'm not trying to pressure you or anything-" Whatever he's about to say dies on his tongue as they both slip in on either side of him. He can't help the warm feeling that blooms in his chest and he can practically feel the blush on his cheeks as Sapnap draws him in closer to his chest and George wraps an around his waist, basically plastering himself to the front of Dream.

"I really missed you guys," He says, half-asleep. "Please don't leave again,"

He falls asleep soon after that, but not before he hears them whisper:



“Never again,”

## Alternate ending: Dreambur

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He slammed the door to his room closed and it seemed as if all the anger seeped out of him and he slumped down to the ground.

Shit.

Tears come easy to him the same time he hears footsteps approaching his door. There's a knock on the door and for a minute, he thinks of telling them to fuck off, to let them nurse his hurt heart in peace. But the desire for comfort overpowered the need to be alone so he stumbled to his feet. His hands fumble with the doorknob before it opens and his brain registers that it's Wilbur before he falls into his arms ( *comfort comfort safety not getting hurt comfort he won't hurt me he won't leave please don't leave* ).

Arms automatically wrap around him and he melts into it, not even holding back his cries because Wilbur was *safe* . They stumble back into his room and Wilbur guides them to his bed.

"It's okay, it's okay," he hears Wilbur murmur comfortingly in his ear. "I'm here, I'll always be here..." Dream can't help but cry harder at that, clutching tighter onto the older man. "I'll chase the bad guys away, yeah?" Wilbur jokes and Dream giggles, albeit weak.

Wilbur stays.

He stays as Dream cries and then calms down. He stayed when he had been left alone, so achingly lonely that he felt it in his chest. He had been there during the 3 am calls, meaningful conversations about life or even stupid debates about whether or not Avengers: Age of Ultron was the best movie. Even now, he stays as Dream bursts into tears again.

*They're both tired, Dream can easily tell.*

*It was a tame night, hushed whispers into their mics, small giggles coming out. Dream had transferred into his bed, his phone a steady light for him as he stared at the ceiling. He can hear*

*the soft breaths that Wilbur lets out, the sound a comfort to him.*

*“Hey, Wil?” He murmurs into the dark and receives a hum in reply. “You...you wouldn’t leave me, right?” He asks, softly as if scared of the answer.*

*“Would never even think of it,” that answer is fast and it brings a smile to Dream’s face.*

*He allows a few moments of silence before he disrupts it again. “Thank you, by the way,”*

*“What for?”*

*“For...for staying,”*

*The call goes silent and Dream can feel the heat spread on his face, his breathing deceptively calm. It contrasts the beats of his heart.*

*“I’ll always stay for you,” Wilbur murmurs and he hums, undeniably happy.*

*They fall asleep that night with smiles on their faces and hearts warm.*

And it’s with a calm sense of realisation that Dream realises it.

His heart no longer lies with toothy grins and cute laughter, no longer with 5’8 and 5’10 respectively. His heart is no longer set on white bandanas and obnoxious clout goggles. His heart doesn’t automatically lookout for the comforting voices that he’s associated with love, nor does it prefer fluffy black hair or poofy brown hair.

His heart lies with boyish grins and boisterous laughter and curly brown hair. It lies with cute Harry Potter Glasses. It lies with shy whispers that float gently into the night, lies with the invisible arms that wrap around him from thousands of miles away. His heart looks for the 6’5 man, has an ear out for the facts that his love loved to say at the most ridiculous times.

His heart now beats for Wilbur.

In the comfort of Wilbur's embrace, he slowly calms down. His arms relax from their death grip at the back of Wilbur's shirt but he can't find it in himself to let go. The embrace is too much comfort even as it keeps his heart running.

"You alright?" Wilbur asks and he nods. "You don't have to go talk to them, we can just stay here," Wilbur murmurs gently, running a warm hand up and down his back. It gets him to relax a lot more, melting into the other even more. "We can watch movies if you want?" Wilbur suggests.

There had been multiple instances in the past where they had watched movies together, one always slightly behind or the other slightly ahead. Sometimes they argued over scenes, but most times they were watching Hallmark movies and making fun of the plots.

He nods, desperate for some semblance of normalcy. Wilbur sets both of them near the headboard of Dream's bed and reaches for the remote of the TV in Dream's room.

They settle down with Brooklyn 99, the show always able to bring a smile on their faces. Wilbur holds Dream close, wanting to ingrain this memory into his brain for however long he lives. The tranquillity of it all, the peace... The warmth in his heart.

*"DID YOU SEE THAT FUCKING ROLL?! JAKE SAVES THE DAY AGO, LET'S FUCKING GO!"*

*Wilbur can't help the laugh that bursts out of him, the fondness that spreads in his heart for Dream.*

*"Rosa will always be the better cop," He throws out, just for the fun of it.*

*"That's true, that's true, she is," Dream muses out loud. "She's a bad bitch,"*

*He chokes out a laugh, and maybe it's the fact that it's 4 am for him or the fact that his heart is filled with so much warmth and so much love for the blonde-haired boy but he lets his mouth run, "I love you,"*

*It takes a bit for him to recognise what he just said, and **oh. oh, he fucked up** .*

*The thing with their dynamic is that it's so painfully unique and rare, so genuine and sincere. And Wilbur can't lose Dream, even if it means being friends with him forever or never acknowledging his feelings. Dream's become so helplessly important to him and he wants to treasure the moments he has with him longer.*

*Wants to treasure the whispers that are carried by that lady of the night, treasures the playful arguments that start-up over the stupidest things. He wants to keep those shy moments with soft compliments and gentle affirmations to the other.*

*What if Dream didn't like him back? What if Dream distanced himself because of what if he said? Or worse, what if he cut all ties with him? God- he was such an idiot what if he lost him over this-*

*"I love you too," Dream says softly and slowly as if testing out the words.*

*The words are carried throughout the phone and Wilbur smiles, slow and steady, contrasting his racing heart.*

*It's not an I love you, I want to be together, but it's an I love you nonetheless.*

His heart's with Dream.

It always had been.

His heart was with the boy who reminded him so much of summer, boundless amounts of energy and bright smiles that warmed him from the top to the bottom. His heart was stuck with the golden-haired boy, a boy that looked like he was crafted by the heavens and had a heart of gold.

And when he enters Discord calls, his heart automatically listens for the wheezy laughs that makes a smile come onto his face.

And on the rare occasion that they hadn't talked all day, Wilbur would lay in bed, listening to love songs like a sap. He would day in bed, his heart yearning for a certain Florida man.

He holds Dream closer to him, *Just this once*, he thinks. *Please, just give me this one thing*, he pleads to the sky, to the Gods above.

*Wilbur is faintly aware of Tommy and Tubbo arguing next to him but he can't bring himself to care when Alec Benjamin is blasting in his right ear and he's looking out for his suitcase on the conveyor belt.*

*Eventually, he does find his suitcase, and he heads over to the younger boys who're mindlessly squabbling over something. It's 11 pm in Orlando right now yet he can still feel the five hour lag in his bones. His brain has not yet registered that it is not 4 am as his bones want to drop as if there was the lead in his blood.*

*They walk out together, the exhaustion quieting the younger boys and Wilbur revels in the quiet as they walk out together. Immediately as he walks further out into the airport, his eyes are scanning the crowd for a familiar tuft of blonde hair and the emerald green eyes.*

*He's torn from his thoughts as his breath is knocked out of him. His brain is at least awake enough that it was a warm body that's now plastered on to his front. His arms wrap around the body with the familiar tuft of blonde hair and a grin that screams comfort.*

*He doesn't care that they're on the floor as he shrieks in delight and hugs Dream tighter.*

*"Wilbur!"*

*"Dream!"*

*"That was fucking epic!" Tommy ruins the moment, as he always does. "The way Dream just launched himself at you, holy shit!"*

*Wilbur pays no attention to the gremlin as he clutches onto Dream tighter. They don't speak just yet, content enough to just hold each other close and bask in the other's presence. Dream's weight under his hands is comfort and he feels like safety.*

*"Hey," He whispers as Dream pulls back.*

*The blonde smiles back, a little bit sheepishly. "Hi. Sorry that I tackled you,"*

*Wilbur laughs, fondness growing for the other boy. "That's okay, I'm glad to see you either way,"*

*They load themselves into Dream's car, "Sam and Punz get here tomorrow at 7 am so if you wake up without me there, I'm probably picking those two up," he explains.*

*When they arrive at Dream's house, the teens don't even bother unpacking as they're shown their room. They hang out in the living room and they're making themselves comfortable on Dream's couch and using his Netflix account - nevermind that it's nearing 2 am. Wilbur leaves them alone and follows Dream to his situated room.*

*"You're my favourite so you get a room all to yourself," Dream tells him with a cheeky grin and a wink - Wilbur blames the way his heart skips a beat on the amount of caffeine he's consumed.*

*"I always knew I was your favourite, all this time," Wilbur laughs as he lugs his suitcase into the room and dumps it onto his bed.*

*Dream laughs at that and sits down on Wilbur's bed as Wilbur unzips his suitcase. "You know you can always unpack when you wake up," Dream says.*

*He shrugs, "This way I don't have to do it tomorrow and mess up the room,"*

*He unpacks his clothes slowly, talking to Dream as he goes. It feels like a surreal experience, talking and laughing with Dream. It felt more like reuniting with an old friend.*

*An old friend he may have the biggest, fattest crush on.*

*But he'll think about his fat crush on Dream later, preferably when he wasn't running on caffeine and he doesn't have the urge to yawn every few minutes.*

*"Is it cold here?" He asks and blanches at the deadpan stare from the other.*

*“It’s Florida.” Dream states but she breaks out smiling. “I’m just joking, you already asked me that before you came - either way, it’s not that cold here usually, but it is January so it’ll drop to maybe 50 degrees,”*

*He finishes unpacking his clothes into the cabinet and they somehow migrate to Dream’s room. He collapses onto Dream’s bed as she settles next to him.*

*“You wanna watch something?” Dream asks as he watches Wilbur scoot up until he was settled underneath his blanket.*

*“We should watch Narnia,” Wilbur suggests, voice laced with exhaustion.*

*They do end up watching the first Narnia movie, and Wilbur falls asleep at the start of the second one. Dream doesn’t have the heart to tell him to move, the older boy looking so comfortable and content so he just settles underneath his blanket, careful to keep space between him and Wilbur, and even more careful to ignore the prominent blush on his cheeks.*

*Sometime in the night, Wilbur pulls Dream closer and Dream cuddles closer into the warmth he desperately seeks.*

*And if Dream wakes up in Wilbur’s arms later that day at 6 am, he doesn’t mention it. He does, however, bask in Wilbur’s warmth and lays there, just for a bit. He allows himself to have this at least.*

*Because he can’t lose Wilbur either.*

Dream, once again, basks in Wilbur’s warmth and comfort, and everything that makes Wilbur. He feels guilty for what he’s about to do, feels sadness and regret settle deep in his bones as he looks up to Wilbur.

He doesn’t deserve Wilbur, doesn’t deserve the sweet smiles or the boyish grins, not the warm hugs or the cuddles, not even the late night-early morning discord calls.

He doesn’t deserve his love.



“Wilbur,” he murmurs as he sits up, pulling away as he gets the others’ attention. “I-I have to tell you something,”

“What is it? Is something wrong?” Wilbur asks instantly and he feels his heart clench at the worry in Wilbur’s eyes.

He’s so so so selfish.

“I’m-” He cuts himself off, his throat closing up as tears spring up to his eyes. He doesn’t want to do this, doesn’t want to hurt himself or Wilbur but he has to, he has to so they can both move on.

A warm hand caresses his cheek and he melts into it, the touch familiar and a much-needed comfort. “It’s okay,” Wilbur soothes. “No matter what happens, I’ll still be here,”

*“I’ll always stay for you,”*

“What-what would you do,” he gulps, holding Wilbur’s hand caressing his cheek and wills his words to come out.

*So selfish.*

“What would you do...if-if I said I was over George and Sarnap,” he mumbles as he looks at his and Wilbur’s hands. His heart is beating fast, even as he’s screaming at it to calm down. Wilbur stays silent so he takes that as a cue to keep talking. “And...and I said I liked you?”

There’s a sharp intake of breath in front of him and then nothing.

It’s silent and he feels tears gather in his eyes, *stupid stupid stupid, why did you tell him, he doesn’t like you like that, only as a friend friend friend friend, no one will ever love you, just give up now-*

He snatches his hands away from Wilbur’s, the older man’s face giving nothing away.

“Sorry-sorry, I shouldn’t have said that I’m sorry- God, I’ve ruined everything now haven’t I? I’m

so sorry, you can just pretend that this never happened, you don't even have to say anything- fuck-," He stutters, trying to get off his bed and out of his bed. "I'll just be- I'm just gonna go-"

A warm hand pulls him back and he finds himself on Wilbur's lap, shocking green eyes staring into intense chocolate brown.

"Did you mean it?" Wilbur all but demands as he keeps Dream in place. Dream is too shocked to reply, still having to register that he was standing just a few seconds ago. "Dream- I need you to answer- Did. You. Mean. It?" He asks desperately.

"I- yeah," Dream resigns, slumping. "But you don't have to accept my feelings or anything-!"

*This oblivious blonde idiot*, Wilbur thinks fondly, his heart bursting at the seams. His hands wander down to where Dream's is fidgeting with his shirt and grasps them.

"And what if I told you," Wilbur starts, creeping closer. "That I liked you back? That I like your fluffy hair and your stupid laugh, and everything you do makes me incredibly fond? What if I tell you that I always have this urge to hug you or keep you smiling?" He pauses, staring right into emerald green eyes. "What if I told you that I would burn the world just to make you happy?" He murmurs, slow and intimate, his fingers grasping Dream's hips lightly.

Wilbur watches a spark ignite in Dream's eyes, the blush making his eyes prominent and realisation prevailing.

"What would I do, you ask?" Dream murmurs, finally leaning in closer and closer until he's a hair's width away from Wilbur's lips. "I would do this." And with that, he kisses Wilbur.

It's not sweet or innocent, nor is it dirty and dark. It's a simple kiss that lasts all but a few moments yet it feels like safety, comfort.

It felt like coming home.

And Dream realises that those are all the qualities he associates with Wilbur.

They break apart and Dream leans his head onto Wilbur's shoulder.

"I really really like you," he mumbles and flushes when Wilbur chuckles, pulling him closer to him.

"And I really really like you too," Wilbur says, all warm and comforting.

"Thank you for staying,"

"I always will,"

## Chapter End Notes

hi everyone! sorry for the wait, this is looonngggg overdue but I've been so busy that past week and a bit and even now, I'm not fully satisfied with this chapter yet. It isn't as long as the first chapter and I apologise for that:(

Wilbur and Dream make me <3 i just love them so much. idk if this chapter is as good as it can be, especially the ending so I'll probably update it later on when I can

Ah- also a question for those who read my other stories: I have a fic I'm currently working, I won't give out spoilers but the main idea of it is that it's a oneshot with purpled and dream as brothers. HOWEVER, should I finish the chapter of 'oh champion (what would we do without you?)' or should I finish the purpled-dream brothers au first and post that?? lmk in the comments!:)

hope you liked this chapter!!

## End Notes

hello everyone! i finished this at 2, almost 3 am in the morning, and I'm currently waiting for rewind (Which is at 7am for me).

i should be finishing the latest chapter oh champion (what would we do without you??) but I got distracted and wrote this instead:( hopefully new chapter for that will be out soon!

also very very sorry but the kissing scene got a bit heated so I apologise - if you don't feel like reading it, skip from 'Sapnap grasps his chin....' to '"That's not fair," he whines,' ! If anyone would like a part two to this, please comment what you would like to see in it ! i have a rough idea for it, but it's very rough and kinda heated so-

and happy new year everyone! hopefully, 2021's better than 2020:)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!